

That's me, Ms 20 Something by JUNI_Writes_Badly123

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blood, Danger, F/M, Horror, Nancy Wheeler-Centric, Season 1, Survivor Guilt, Teenage Rebellion, Trauma, adrenaline junkie
Nancy is not something i thought id be writing into Ao3, my fave traumatised girl next door girlboss

Language: English

Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Barbara "Barb" Holland & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Mike Wheeler & Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

A Nancy Wheeler character study or season one from the point of view of the best and most complex character

That's me, Ms 20 Something

Author's Note:

As I said in the description Nancy is the best character in the whole show and I tried so hard not to ruin her in this writing as there is nothing my selfish little brain hates more than people writing my fave characters out of character :(- anyways I hope that didnt happen and you enjoy it

Nancy Wheeler was an unlikely craver of danger, or in her words, the truth.

At first it was a soft teenager danger built upon hormones and hierarchies - the desperate need to get A+s after pulling all nighters so her head was thrumming with adrenaline.

Despite this saccharine candycoated jeopardy being meaningless in her grand plans (graduate top of class, straight into journalism career, 0 kids, famous, and respected, by age 23), it was more vital to her well being than oxygen.

Steve was a dangerous choice - hiding out a boy in her suburban dream home, covering up his presence with soft floral bedclothes and slight innocent smiles.

Desperately, she wanted to know why this wasn't enough - the kisses through windows, her hair tickling the tips of his ears, the late night phone calls and sneak outs, her heart just below her mouth - she was still too careful to let it control her words.

And she was lower case letters, pretty words no one else could understand, superficially beautiful, not quite bright and flashy enough to be a femme fatale, not quite satisfied to be the girl next door.

She was hungry. And, selfishly, the disappearance of little Will Byers made her blood rush with a sick form of joy, spreading an almost numb sensation throughout her body.

The disappearance was like a warm vodka spiked punch. It left her reeling and hungover, in a constant state of waiting for something to happen.

It was too cut and dry. More must have happened. More had to have happened.

She had seen a ghost, and felt it constantly behind her, but she was never able to see it again. Something was watching and waiting but it wasn't there. It was never there.

But there was a different type of danger, not the one Nancy needed, not the bright flashes and loud gunshot cutting through the air, not the sneaky words written on bloodstained paper - this danger lay inside her.

Barb, she was gone, and yes, she was stifling that need for adrenaline that lay in Nancy's veins, and she was clingy and she was - well, she was probably dead.

Nancy couldn't be angry no matter how much she wanted to be, the petty arguments and things that got on her nerves when Barb was right behind her, shaking her too smart head disappeared (just like her).

All she had wanted was those 10 minutes of all encompassing "We shouldn't be doing this."

She wanted to feel like she was doing something to break free from her perfect little world, just for a few minutes.

Only a few.

So she left her alone.

She can never leave anyone alone again at night, like a harassed and worried mother constantly fussing over their newborn child; if her mother ever did that, she can't remember.

Sometimes, she wanted a mother's touch brushing through her gently

curling hair, but the only hand her mother ever laid on her was this feeling of needing to do better more than being safe.

Needed better than two kids, one boy, one girl, needed better than worrying about cooking meatloaf, needed better than the only thing that could give her joy being gossiping with other neighbors she doesn't even like.

That's enough about her mom, enough of her trying to divert the conversation and flow of her own thoughts from Barb.

Survivor's guilt felt far, far too focused on herself, she wasn't a survivor, she killed Barb, no matter how much people would try to explain away her part in this as dumb teenagers forgetting that the universe doesn't revolve around them.

Nancy knew better.

It wasn't guilt, it was all-consuming, every fibre of her being that wasn't meant to be here, she was hyper alert, she was meant to be wherever Barb was, maybe then they would put missing signs up with both of them on it.

That strip of photos from junior year's photo booth, back when neither of them got on each other's nerves. Back when Nancy wasn't a lying piece of dumb teenage shit.

And it was all her fault - she had solved it, found out what was going on, but that didn't take away from it all being her fault.

A murderer handing in the bloody knife doesn't take away from the crime they committed.

And so Barb was dead.

And Steve was gone.

And there was a gun in her hands and a boy next to her.

And gunshots followed, one for the mother and father who never loved each other but loved the ideas, one for Barb, who was Barb, a too fresh wound, one for a boy, the one next to her or the one who

left, she still doesn't know.

And finally, one for her.

Nancy Wheeler was allowed a gunshot, some danger, and some death every once in a while.

The monster was bizarrely an after-thought - for someone who craved so much danger, something from the near corners of hell (or an electricity plant, you decide) didn't hit her as hard as a little girl with a shirt buttoned up to her chin.

All of that blur of flashing fairy lights and screams, baseball bats and rifles - her little brother really fucked up somehow.

There was that little girl in her old dress (this was all her fault, but it's not like Nancy was in the right place to point fingers).

It could all be summed up in a few drops of blood, a thin white scar and the lingering feeling of danger in the mundane.

Despite the safety of her scarred hand being enveloped in another scarred hand and her brother smiling at his dorky friends (Nancy was still allowed to hate people despite the shared trauma. She was allowed to be a petty teenage girl sometimes).

Nancy Wheeler still craved danger; she wanted it to live in her bones, to kick out the guilt that lived in her scar.

It was all over, but sometimes that scar felt like an itch that needed to be scratched - there was still more danger to be uncovered.

Nancy just had to find out where to look.

Author's Note:

It was super short sorry but please lemme know if you want me to write something like this for Nancy in seasons 2 and 2?